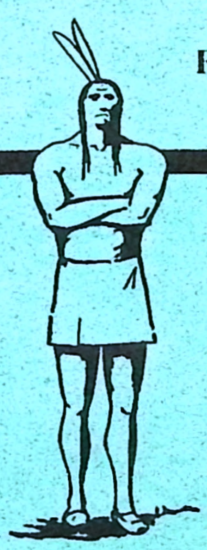
"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley.

FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement



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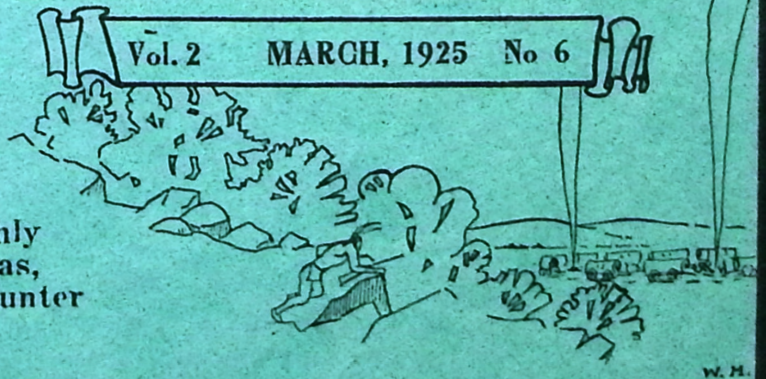

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to explain a few matters of importance about these facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 6 MARCH, 1925. $1.50 Per Year

Ben Thompson Wins a Tombstone

Houston Chronicle December 21, 1924.

No newspaper transaction in Texas attracted more attention on the part of the press of the state than the recent sale of the Austin Statesman to the same interests which own the Austin American The fact that the Austin Statesman is the second oldest newspaper in Texas and that it has passed through many vicissitudes has served to accentuate the interest in the latest change of ownership.

It is recalled that Colonel John Cardwell, editor of the Austin Statesman during the 80s and later American consul to Cairo, Egypt, was one of the most unique figures in the State of Texas 40 years ago. He was seldom seen in any public gathering, but his strong personality and fearlessness in expressing his views on any subject impressed his individuality upon the community and state. E. G. Senter, an oldtime newspaperman of Texas, some time ago contributed interesting reminiscences of Colonel Cardwell. He related the experience which Cardwell had with Ben Thompson, a notorious desperado. He said:

"The autocrat of Austin at that time was Ben Thompson, a noted frontier character. To offend him was to invite extermination. When displeased he was probably the most dangerous man with whom the officials of Texas ever had to cope. Thompson had been making things particularly lively around Austin. and the public held its breath, waiting for his fireworks to begin the matinees, when Colonel Cardwell's attention was attracted to his playful antics. The officers had been giving him a wide berth for a week or more and this stirred the wrath of the quiet newspaperman. To the amazement of the entire population of the city, the Statesman came out in a double-column editorial which declared in substance that Ben Thompson was entitled to no more consideration than any other man of his character, and talking rather plainly of both Thompson and the officers. As soon as the paper left the press the scent of trouble filled the air. The news of the defy reached Thompson before the ink was dry on the paper, and he sallied forth to silence the revolutionary journalist. At the State man office he found no one but the "devil," who was cleaning up the composing room, and after notifying that functionary that he would return that night, Ben proceeded to "pi" several cases of type, and relieved his feelings for the moment by kicking the "devil" downstairs. When the episode became known, Colonel Cardwell's friends hurried to advise him to leave town at once and to stay away until Ben could sober up. The colonel smiled one of his quaint little smiles and said the town belonged to him as much as to Thompson and that he proposed to stay in it. His friends then urged him to arm himself, but this he refused to do. Every one knew that Ben would keep his word and return to the Statesman office that night and most people expected that the funeral of the editor would soon follow.

"True to his word, Thompson made his appearance at the Statesman sanctum that night before the first proof sheets had been pulled. His demeanor was ominous. Striding up to the editor's table without any preliminaries, he asked what was meant by the attack on him. Colonel Cardwell quietly lifted his eyes from his work, and, surveying Ben steadily for a moment, said to him that he had been expecting him; that he had been told that Ben was coming to kill him, and that he had made arrangements for both of them to travel out of the world together. He announced to the astonished desperado that the room was then commanded by shotguns which were trained upon him.

"They can't prevent you from killing

me,'said the Colonel, but it's tolerably certain, Ben, that you, will follow along by the next train."

"And then a strange thing happened. Thompson, who had more killings to his credit than any man who had ever lived in Texas, edged out of the house backward, declaring as he went that his intentions had been nothing else than peaceable.

"The Colonel's threat was not an idle one.. Several shotguns loaded with buckshot were trained on the scene. Thompson was an unerring shot, quick on the trigger, and could have killed the editor before his aim could have been diverted, but the report of his pistol would have been followed by a fusillade that would have left him full of holes.

"After this episode the Statesman's editorial privilege was never called in question. Colonel Cardwell did not believe in editorial 'roasts,' but his voice always rang true for the rigid en forcement of law.'

It was following this encounter with Colonel Cardwell that Ben Thompson went straight to a gambling table and made a remarkable wager. With a marble slab in the pot against $200, Thompson played against Luke Watts, a tombstone peddler, and won.

Several years ago when an old building in Austin that was occupied by the Iron Front Saloon for 40 years was torn down to make way for a modern skyscraper, the long forgotten slab was found. According to Jim Long, the tombstone was won by Thompson in a game of poker.

"I remember the circumstances very well," Long continued. "In those days a tombstone peddler named Luke Watts traveled over this part of the country in a one horse covered wagon. He carried a few samples of tombstones with him and took orders for them among the people in the different communities. This fellow Watts was a pretty good sculptor and if a buyer of a slab wanted some words cut on it, Watts did the work right on the spot.

"In those early days nearly every man on the road gambled and Watts was no exception to the rule. One day he drove into Austin from San Antonio. He had taken some good orders for tombstones at New Braunfels, San Marcos and other places along the route and had collected on some of his previous sales.

"He had quite a bunch of money in his pocket, and no sooner had he put his horse and wagon in old Beats' wagon yard than he headed for the Iron Front. He set 'em up to the crowd down at the bar and then headed up stairs to the gambling room. He invested in chips and began to play. Pretty soon Ben Thompson showed up and sat in on the game. Thompson was feeling pretty good and he jollied Watts about selling tombstones and making a living off of dead people and all that sort of thing. Watts knew that Thompson had several notches on his gun, but he came back at him good and strong.

"Ben, you will be took off sudden one of these days and I may not be around just at the time to sell a tombstone to ornament your grave,' he said. 'You had better order one from me now."

"A wooden board is about all I need,' replied Ben with a laugh.

"The game continued and Watts was a steady loser. Finally, about midnight, he started to get up.

"Boys, I'm cleaned out,' he said.

"Hold on there. How much are them tombstones of yours worth?" asked Thompson.

"Watts resumed his seat and looked across at Ben.

"It depends on what kind of a stone it is,' he answered.

"I don't want no cheap monument,' Ben declared. 'Have you got any that is made out of marble?"

"I have got as fine a marble slab down there in my wagon as you can find south of St. Louis,' Wats replied.

"How much is it worth?'

"Not a cent less than $200, which is cheap, considering that it is a long ways from the quarries.'

"Put that tombstone in a pot against my $200 and I will play you to win or lose.'

"Agreed,' said Watts.

"Bring the monument up here. I want to see it first,' Ben told the peddler.

"Watts went down to the wagon yard, hitched up his horse to the wagon and headed up to the front of the saloon. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. With the aid of the porters about the place he carried the heavy stone up the stairs and set it down alongide of Ben Thompson. Ben looked

it over carefully and expressed himself as satisfied with it. The game began and in a short time Ben won the pot, including the tombstone. Watts was unconcerned over his loss.

"Better let me carve the inscription on it now,' he said to Ben.

"No you can wait until I have done something that will give you the subject for a befitting epitaph."

"The tombstone occupied the center of the gambling room for several days and attracted much attention. Finally it was removed by Thompson's order and its existance was forgotten until its discovery when the old building was torn down."

Ben Thompson died with his boots on. He was killed in San Antonio by Billy Simms, who ran a gambling house there. His body was brought to Austin and buried there. If any of his old time associates thought of the tombstone which was stored in the gambling hall they never mentioned it at the time. His grave is still unmarked.

Pioneers Reopen Museum Project

A movement to have the State designate and acquire a public memorial museum for Texas relics to be located in San Antonio, to more adequately preserve the traditions of early-day life in the state, will be set on foot shortly by the Texas Pioners' Association, at which Dr. Frank Paschal of San Antonio is president.

"The organization was formed for the purpose of properly observing San Jacinto Day, which marked Texas independence cherishing Texas history and doing honor to the pioneers and founders of the State," Dr. Paschal said. "Heretofore our work has been largely local, but in the near future we desire to enlarge it to include every community in the state."

It is planned to encourage organization of local chapters in every county seat. There are 750,000 Texans eligible for membership with only 2,000 at present enrolled, Dr. Paschal said. To be eligible for membership one must have been a resident of Texas prior to 1880, or descendant of such a pioneer.

The local chapters, when they are organized, will be asked to participate in the campaign of gathering a fund toward founding the memorial museum.

A committee will be appointed to go to Austin to urge the Governor and the Legislature to name a day for a universal and simultaneous annual celebration in honor of Texas pioneers. Dr. Paschal said the idea is to have an openair picnic and celebration with speakers recalling deeds of pioneers and creators of the commonwealth, and renewing their deals of early days.—San Antonio Express.

Pioneer Peace Officer Found

U. T. Chamberlain of San Saba perhaps could claim the distinction of having held office continuously, as long if not longer than any other man in Texas. His record in San Saba county covers a period of thirty-eight years, as Justice of the Peace and Deputy Sheriff, having been first elected Justice of the Peace there in 1886.

Uncle Buck, as he is familiarly and affectionately called by the people of San Saba county and West Central Texas, goes back further than that line of work as peace officer. Before moving to San Saba county he was a Deputy Sheriff under the late Capt. J. M. Strayhorn, in Williamson county, and was acting in that capacity when the notorious desperado, Sam Bass and his gang of bank robbers and bandits invaded Round Rock, with the intention of robbing the bank when Sam Bass was killed and the band scattered and demoralized. This was in the year of 1878.

Born in Travis county, Texas, Justice Chamberlain celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday Dec. 6, 1924, when he was remembered with many tokens of esteem by San Saba friends and by friends elsewhere. Away back in the seventies U. T. Chamberlain was a member of the Texas Rangers and in 1871 was in an Indian fight in Lampasas county, when one Indian scalp was secured as a result of the battle.

When the Texas Rangers were sent to San Saba county in 1896, Uncle Buck struck camp with them, and Captain Bill McDonald's history of Texas Rangers as well as the history written by Ranger John L. Sullivan, who was with the company under Captain Rogers, which was later given into the charge of Capt. Bill McDonald, contains some interesting chapters reciting Buck Chamberlain's activities in co-operation with the Ranger force.

KILLING OF "BILLY THE KID"

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS DEATH, AS RELATED BY JOHN W. POE TO E. A. BRININSTOOL

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STATEMENT BY E. A. BRININSTOOL

So many false and untrue stories have appeared in print of the killing of the notorious "Billy the Kid," that I append herewith a copy of a personal letter to me from Mr .Poe, written shortly before his death. Coming from the man who was one of the posse of three which "got" the Kid, it should settle forever all controversy regarding the demise of this young bandit.

Roswell, N. M., March 5, 1923

Mr. E. A. Brininstool,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Brininstool:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 28th ult., and note what you say relative to a statement recently made by some person to the effect that "Billy the Kid" was killed in the spring of 1882.

In reply I beg to state that whoever made such a statement is entirely in error, and is positively mistaken as to the time of that occurrence. Inasmuch as I was present and know positively whereof I speak, I believe you will readily understand that I am absolutely correct in this matter.

"The Kid" was killed on the night of the 14th of July, 1881, and the only accurate and true account of his death and the circumstances leading up to and surrounding it, is that which I gave to you some three years ago.

It seems too bad that people will continue to circulate erroneous and false stories about this occurrence, but I suppose it is one of the things that will have to be endured.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you see fit or show it to anyone who may be interested. With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) JNO. W. POE.

Here is the true story of the killing of "Billy the Kid," as detailed by John W. Poe to E. A. Brininstool in 1919. Mr. Poe died just a few months ago while undergoing treatment at a Battle Creek, Mich., sanitarium. For many years he was a noted peace officer in New Mexico, and at thetime of his death was president of the Citizens Bank.. of.. Roswell,.. New Mexico, his home city. He was one of the most—if indeed not the most prominent citizens of the state of New Mexico, beloved by every one who knew him.

During the winter of 1880-81 I was living in the Panhandle of Texas, where for some time previous, I had been serving as deputy U. S. marshal, and also as deputy sheriff. About the middle of that winter the cattlemen of the Panhandle, who had organized an association for the protection of their cattle interests, known as the Canadian River Cattle association and of whom Mr. Charles Goodnight was one of the leading spirits, submitted a proposition to me to enter their employ, and as their employ, and as their representative, to co-operate with the authorities of New Mexico with the view of suppressing and putting an end to the cattle raiding and stealing of cattle, which had been and was then carried on by "Billy the Kid" and his gang of desperadoes, of whom there were quite a number, and of whom a great majority of the people in the localities where they were operating stood in fear and terror.

An agreement was arrived at with th above mentioned cattlemen, under which I was given practically unlimited authority to act for and represent them

in all matters wherein their interests were affected in New Mexico, including authority to draw for all funds necessary in apprehending and prosecuting theives and rustlers generally, and particularly those depredations of stock belonging to the association, the only restriction being, of course, that I should proceed in lawful manner.

Pursuant to this agreement, I, some time in March, 1881, went to White Oaks, Lincoln county, New Mexico, which place was at that time quite a booming mining town, and was a sort of rendezvous for tough characters generally, including the following of "The Kid," their friends and sympathizers, of whom there were many. It was here that I first met Pat Garrett, who was at that time sheriff of Lincoln county, and after an interview with him, in which I explained the nature of my business in New Mexico, it was agreed that I should be commissioned as one of his deputies, which was done, and that we should co-operate in every way possible in an endeavor to suppress crime in that region generally, and particularly cattle rustling.

It should be remembered that, at this particular time, "The Kid" was lying in jail, or rather, held under guard, at Lincoln, the county seat, under sentence of death for murder, but had many sympathizers in the country and a number of followers still at large pursuing their trade of stealing cattle, committing robberies and various other crimes, and that they were operating from the Panhandle of Texas through a great part of New Mexico and into Arizona.

"Billy the Kid," from an old tintype taken shortly before his death, in 1881.

At our first meeting it was agreed between Garrett and myself that I should make a trip to Tombstone, Arizona, which was then in its palmiest days as a mining camp, and where some of the stolen cattle from the Panhandle had been driven, which I hoped to recover, and that upon my return to White Oaks, within a short time, we would again meet and confer together over the situation, and decide upon what further course we were to pursue. This program was carried out, and on the day of our second meeting in White Oaks, some time during the month of April, information came from Lincoln, some forty miles distant, that "Billy the Kid" had escap-

ed from his guards, killing two of them, and was again at large. This occurred only a few days before the time set for "The Kid's" execution, and naturally caused a great deal of excitement throughout that region, as well as some rejoicing on the part of his friends and sympathizers.

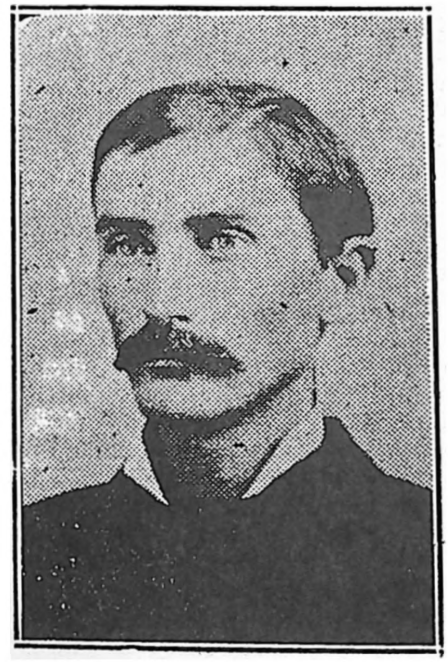
Upon receipt of this information, Garrett immediately started for Lincoln, while it was agreed that I should remain on the lookout for "The Kid" at White Oaks for a time, as it was not known what direction he would take or where he would go after getting out of Lincoln.

Upon arriving at Lincoln on the night following the day of the escape, Garrett found that two of his deputies (Bob Ollinger and a man named Bell) had been killed by "The Kid" who, partly by means of a cunning ruse, and partly by reason of the carelessness of the deputies, had broken into a room containing firearms, adjacent to where he was guarded, securing a shotgun and a six shooter, by means of which he immediately proceeded to add two more to his already long list of victims, and then had compelled another man on the premises to secure a horse for him, upon which he rode away, leaving the people of the little town completely terrorized.

Garrett at once organized several posses and scoured the country in all directions for several days, in an endeavor to re-capture his man, but failing to find any trace of him, finally gave up the hunt in the full belief that "The Kid" had gone to Old Mexico. According to my recollection, this killing and escape occurred in the latter part of April after which we were unable to learn anything whatever indicating the whereabouts of "The Kid" until the July following, notwithstanding the fact that we were constantly on the alert, and made the most strenuous efforts to locate him.

During the interval between the time of "The Kid's" escape and the time he was killed in July following, I continued to make headquarters at White Oaks, during which time I scoured the country thoroughly, finding many stolen cattle, also hides of stolen cattle which had been slaughtered, belonging to the Association I was representing; had a number of arrests made, prosecutions instituted, etc., being assisted in all this by Sheriff Garrett, who co-operated with me in every way possible, and whom I found to be a very brave and efficient officer.

Some time in the early part of July following the happenings above related,



Sheriff Pat Garrett, who killed "Billy the Kid."

I was approached by a man in White Oaks whom I had formerly known in Texas, who, although addicted to habits of dissipation, was a man of good principles, and who had, on previous occasions, shown a desire to assist me in the work I had in hand.

This man told me a story in strict confidence—as he probably felt that his life depended on its being treated in that respect—the gist of which was that, for want of better place, he had for some time been occupying as sleeping quarters, a vacant room in a certain livery stable, owned and operated by two men who were known to be friends of "Billy the Kid," and that a short time previous, while in his sleeping quarters at night, he had overheard a conversation between the two men, which convinced him that "The Kid" was yet in the country, making his headquarters at Fort Sumner, about a hunderd miles distant from White Oaks, and that he, at two different times since his escape from Lincoln, had been in the vicinity of White Oaks,

and had communicated with the two men whose conversation he had overheard.

I was somewhat skeptical as to the correctness of this information, as it seemed almost unbelievable that "The Kid," after nearly three months had elapsed from the time of his escape with price on his head, and under sentence of death, would still be lingering in the country. However, in view of the peculiar conditions then existing in the country, and the fact that "The Kid" had many friends and sympathizers who looked upon him as a hero and who would probably shelter and protect him, I came to the conclusion that there was possibly truth in the story which had been told me, and I immediately went to the county seat where I laid the matter before the sheriff as it had been told to me.

The sheriff was much more skeptical as to the truth of the story than I was—said he could not believe there was any truth in what the White Oaks man had told me, but finally said that if I desired it, he and I would go to Roswell, where we would find one of his deputies named McKinney, and from there the three of us would go to Fort Sumner with the determination of unearthing "The Kid" if he were there. This was agreed upon, and the following day we went to Roswell, where we found McKinney, who expressed his disbelief in the White Oaks story, but who willingly joined us for the expedition to Fort Sumner, which place is some eighty miles distant from Roswell.

After a few hours spent in Roswell arranging for the trip, we started about sundown, riding out of town in a different direction from that which we intended to travel later, as it was absolutely necessary to keep the public in ignorance of our plans if anything were to be accomplished. After we were well out of the settlements we changed our course and rode in the direction of Fort Sumner until about midnight, when we stopped, picketed our horses and slept on our saddle blankets for the remainder of the night. The next day we rode some fifty or fifty-five miles, halting late in the evening at a point in the sand hills some five or six miles out from Fort Sumner, where we again picketed our horses and slept until morning.

It was then agreed that, as I was not known in Fort Sumner, while the other two men were, Garrett having a year or two previously resided there, I should ride into the place with the object of reconnoitering the ground and gathering such information as was possible that might aid us in our purpose, while the other two men were to remain out of sight in thesand hills for the day and in ease of my failure to return to them before night, they were to meet me after darkness came on at a certain point agreed on, some four miles out of Fort Sumner.

In pursuance of this plan I next morning left my companions and rode into town, where I arrived about ten o'clock. Fort Sumner at this time had a population of only some two or three hundred people, nearly all of whom were natives or Mexicans, there being perhaps not more than one or two dozen Americans in the place, a majority of whom were tough or undesirable characters, in sympathy with "The Kid," while the remainder stood in terror of him.

When I entered the town I noticed that I was being watched from every side, and soon after I had stopped and hitched my horse in front of a store which had a saloon annex, a number of men gathered around and began to question me as to where I was from, where bound, etc. I answered with as plausible a yarn as I was able, telling them I was from White Oaks, where I had been engaged in mining, and was on my way to the Panhandle, where I had formerly lived. This story seemed to allay their suspicions to some extent, and I was invited to join in a social drink at the saloon, which I did, being very careful that I absorbed but a very small portion of the liquor. This operation was repeated several times, as was the custom in those days, after which I went to a nearby restaurant for something to eat. After I had eaten a square meal I loitered about the village for some three hours, chatting casually with people I met, in the hope of learning something definite as to whether or not "The Kid" was there, or had recently been there, but was unadle to learn anything further than that the people with whom I conversed were still suspicious of me, and it was plain that many of

them were on the alert, expecting something to happen— in fact, there was a very tense situation in Fort Sumner on that day, as "The Kid" was at that very time hiding in one of the native's houses there, and if the object of my visit had become known, I would have stood no chance for my life whatever.

It was understood when I left my companions in the morning that in case of my being unable to learn any definite information in Fort Sumner, I was to go to the ranch of a Mr. Rudolph (an acquaintance and supposed friend of Garrett's) whose ranch was located some seven miles north of Fort Sumner at a place called "Sunnyside," with the purpose of securing from him, if possible, some information as to the whereabouts of the man we were after. Accordingly I started from Fort Sumner about the middle of the afternoon for Rudolph's ranch, arriving there some time before night. I found Mr. Rudolph at home, presented the letter of introduction which Garrett had given me, and told him that I wished to stop overnight with him. After reading the letter he said that Garret was a very good friend of his, and that he would be very glad to furnish me with accomodations for the night; invited me into his house, took charge of my horse, etc. After supper was over I engaged in conversation with him, discussing the conditions in the country generally, and after some little time I led up to the escape of "Billy the Kid" from Lincoln, and remarked that I had heard a report that "The Kid" was hiding in or about Fort Sumner. Upon my making this remark, the old gentleman showed plainly that he was getting nervous; said he had heard that such a report was about, but did not believe it, as "The Kid" was, in his opinion, too shrewd to be caught lingering in that part of the country with a price on his head knowing that the officers of the law were diligently seeking him. By this time I was pretty well convinced that Mr. Rudolph was naturally well- intentioned, but like so many others, was in almost mortal terror of "The Kid." and on account of this fear was very reluctant to say anything whatever about him. I then told him plainly the object of our errand—that I had come to him with the express purpose of learning, if possible, where "The Kid" could be found; that we believed he was hiding in or near Fort Sumner, and that Garrett, the sheriff, expected that he (Rudolph) would be able to put us on the right trail. Upon my making this statement, Mr. Rudolph apparently became more nervous and excited than ever, and reiterated his reasons for believing that "The Kid" was not in that part of the country, and showed plainly—so it seemed to me—that he was not only embarrassed but alarmed. The truth was, we afterward learned, that he was well aware of the fact that "The Kid" was then, and had been for some time, hiding about Fort Sumner, but his dread of "The Kid" caused him to make misleading statements while withholding facts.

Darkness was now approaching and I said to Mr. Rudolph that, inasmuch as myself and my horse were by this time pretty well rested, having had a good feed, I had changed my mind, and instead of stopping overnight with him, would saddle up and ride during the cool of the evening to meet my companions. This I accordingly did, much, I thought to the relief of Rudolph. I rode directly to the point to where I had agreed to meet my companions, and, strange to say, as I approached the point from one direction, they came into view from the other, so that we did not have to wait for each other. This proved to be a night of strange happenings with us, however, all the way through. We here held a consultation as to what further course we should pursue. I had spent the day in endeavoring to learn something definite of the whereabouts of the man we wanted, but without success, save that from the actions of the people I had met at Fort Sumner, together with Mr. Rudolph's nervous and excited manner, I was more firmly convinced than ever that our man was in that vicinity.

Garrett seemed to have but little confidence in our being able to accomplish the object of our trip, but said that he knew the location of a certain house occupied by a woman in Fort Sumner which "The Kid" had formerly frequented, and that if he was in or about Fort Sumner he would be most likely to be found entering or leaving this house some time during the night, and proposed that we go into a grove of

trees near the town, conceal our horses, then station ourselves in the peach orchard at the rear of the house and keep watch on who might come or go. This course was agreed on, and we entered the peach orchard about nine o'clock that night, stationing ourselves in the gloom or shadows of the peach trees, as the moon was shining very brightly. We kept up a fruitless watch here until some time after eleven o'clock, when Garrett stated that he believed we were on a cold trail; that he had had very little faith in our being able to accomplish anything when we started on the trip, and proposed that we leave the town without letting anyone know that we had been there in search for "The Kid."

I then proposed that before leaving we should go to the residence of Peter Maxwell, a man who, up to that time, I had never seen, but who by reputation I knew to be a man of wealth and influence, and who by reason of being a leading citizen and having large property interests should, according to my reasoning, be glad to furnish such information as he might have to aid us in ridding the country of a man who was looked upon as a scourge and curse by all law-abiding people.

Garrett agreed to this, and thereupon led us from the orchard by circuitous by-paths to Maxwell's residence, which was a building formerly used as officers' quarters during the days when a garrison of troops had been maintained at the fort Upon our arriving at the residence (a very long, one-story adobe, standing end to and flush with the street having a porch on the south side, which was the direction from which we approached the premises all being enclosed by a paling fence, one side of which ran parallel up to and across the end of the porch to the corner of the building), Garrett said to me: "This is Maxwell's room in this corner. You fellows wait here while I go in and talk with him," and thereupon stepped upon the porch and entered Maxwell's room through the open door (left open on account of the extremely warm weather), while McKinney and myself stopped on the outside, McKinney squatting on the outside of the fence and I sitting on the edge of the porch in the small open gateway leading from the street onto the porch

It should be mentioned here that up to this moment I had never seen "Billy the Kid" nor Maxwell, which fact, in view of the events transpiring immediately afterward placed me at an extreme disadvantage.

It was probably not more than 30 seconds after Garrett had entered Maxwell's room when my attention was attracted from where I sat in the little gateway, to a man approaching me on the inside of and along the fence, some forty or fifty steps away. I observed that he was only partially dressed and was both bare-headed and bare-footed—or rather, had only socks on his feet, and it seemed to me that he was fastening his trousers as he came toward me at a very brisk walk.

As Maxwell's was the one place in Fort Sumner that I had considered above suspicion of harboring "The Kid," I was etirely off my guard, the thought coming into my mind that the man approaching was either Maxwell or some guest of his who might have been staying there. He came on until he was almost within arm's length of where I sat before he saw me, as I was partially concealed from his view by the post of the gate. Upon his seeing me he covered me with his six-shooter as quick as lightning, sprang onto the porch, calling out in Spanish, "Quien es?" (Who is it), at the same time backing away from me toward the door through which Garrett only a few seconds before had passed, repeating his query, "Who is it?" in Spanish several times. At this I stood up and advanced toward him, telling him not to be alarmed; that he should not be hurt, and still without the least suspicion that this was the very man we were looking for. As I moved toward him trying to assure him, he backed up into the doorway of Maxwell's room, where he halted for a moment, his body concealed by the thick adobe wall at the side of the doorway, from whence he put his head out and asked in Spanish for the fourth or fifth time who I was. I was within a few feet of him when he disappeared into the room. After this, and until after the shooting, I was unable to see what took place on account of the darkness of the room but plainly heard what was said on the inside An instant after the man left the door I heard a voice inquire in a sharp tone: "Pete, who are those fellows on the outside?"

An instant later a shot was fired in the room, followed immediately by what everyone within hearing distance thought was two other shots. H owever, there were only two shots fired, the third report, as we learned afterward, being caused by the rebound of the second bullet which had struck the adobe wall and rebounded against the headboard of a wooden bedstead.

I heard a groan and one or two gasps from where I stood in the doorway, as of someone dying in the room. An instant later Garrett came out, brushing against me as he passed. He stood by me close to the wall at the side of the door and said to me: "That was the Kid' that came in there onto me and I think I have got him." I said: "Pat, 'The Kid' would not come to this place—you have shot the wrong man." Upon my saying this, Garrett seemed to be in doubt himself as to whom he had shot, but quickly spoke up and said: "I am sure that was him, for I know his voice to well to be mistaken." This remark of Garrett's relieved me of considerable apprehension, as I had felt almost certain that someone whom we did not want had been killed.

A moment after Garrett came out of the door, Pete Maxwell rushed squarely onto me in a frantic effort to get out of the room, and I certainly would have shot him but for Garrett striking my gun down, saying, "Don't shoot Maxwell!"

As by this time I had begun to realize that we were in a place which was not above suspicion, such as I had thought the residence of Maxwell to be, and as Garrett was positive that "The Kid" was inside, I came to the conclusion that we were up against a case of "kill or be killed," as we had from the beginning realized such would be the case when we came upon "The Kid."

I have ever since felt gratified that I did not shoot Maxwell, for, as I learned afterward, he was at heart a well-meaning inoffensive man, but very timid. We afterward learned that "The Kid" had frequently been at his house after his escape from Lincoln, but Maxwell stood in such terror of him that he did not dare inform against him.

By this time all was quiet within the room, and as the darkness was such that we were unable to see what the condition were on the inside or what the result of the shooting had been, we—after some rather forceful persuasion indeed—induced Maxwell to procure a light, which he finally did by bringing an old-fashioned tallow candle from his mother's room at the far end of the building, passing by the rear to the end where the shooting occurred, and placing the candle on the window sill from the outside. This enabled us to get a view of the inside, where we saw a man stretched upon his back dead, in the middle of the room, with a six-shooter lying at his right hand and a butcher knife at his left. Upon examoning the body we found it to be that of "Billy the Kid." Garrett's shot had penetrated his breast just above the heart, thus ending the career of a desperado who, while only about 23 years of age at the time of his death, had killed a greater number of men than any of the desperadoes and 'killers' I have known or heard of during the 45 years I have been in the southwest

Within a very short time after the shooting, quite a number of the native people had gathered around, some of them bewailing the death of their friend, while several women pleaded for permission to take charge of the body, which we allowed them to do. They carried it across the yard to a carpenter shop, where it was laid out on a workbench, the women placing candles lighted around it, according to their ideas of properly conducting a "wake" for the dead.

All that occurred after "The Kid" came into view in the yard, up to the time he was killed, happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, not more than thirty seconds interveining between the time I first saw him and the time he was shot. From Garrett's statement of what took place in the room after he entered, it appears that he left his Winchester rifle standing by the side of the door and approached the bed where Maxwell was sleeping, arousing him and sitting down on the edge of the bed near the head. A moment after he had taken this position for a talk with Maxwell he heard voices on the porch and sat quietly listening, when a man appeared in the doorway and a moment later ran up to Maxwell's bed, saying, "Pete, who are those fellows outside?" It being dark in the room he had not up to the moment, seen Garrett sitting at the head

of the bed. When he spoke to Maxwell Garrett recognized his voice and made a movement to draw his six-shooter. This movement attracted "The Kid's" attention, and seeing that a man was sitting there, he instantly covered him with his gun, backed away and demanded several times in Spanish to know who

John W. Poe

it was. Garrett made no reply, and and without rising from his seat, fired, with the result stated.

This occurred about midnight on the 14th of July, 1881. We spent the remainder of the night on the Maxwell premises, keeping constantly on our guard, as we were expecting to be attacked by the friends of the dead man. Nothing of the kind occurred, however The next morning we sent for a justice of the peace who held an inquest over the body, the verdict of the jury being such as to justify the killing, and later on the same day, the body was buried in the old military burying ground at Fort Sumner

There have been many wild and untrue stories of this affair, one of which was that we had in some way learned in advance that "The Kid" would come to Maxwell's residence that night, and had concealed ourselves there with the purpose of waylaying and killing him. Another was that we had cut off his fingers and carried them away as trophies or souvenirs, and of later years it has been said many times that "The Kid" was not dead at all, but had been seen alive and well in various places. The actual facts, however, are exactly as stated herein, and while we no doubt would, under the circumstances, have laid in wait for him at the Maxwell premises if there had been the slightest reason for believing that he would come there, that fact that he did come was a complete surprise to us, absolutely unexpected and unlooked for as for as we three were concerned

The story that we had cut off and carried off his fingers was even more absurd as the thought of such a thing never entered our minds, and besides, we were not that kind of people

The killing of "The Kid" created a great sensation throughout the Southwest, and many of the law-abiding citizens of New Mexico and the Panhandle contributed substantially and liberally toward a reward for the officers whose work had finally rid the country of a man who was nothing less than a scourge

The taking-off of "The Kid" had a very salutary effect in New Mexico and the Panhandle, most of his followers leaving the country for the time being, at least, and a great many persons who had sympathized with him or had been terrorized by him, completely changed their attitude toward the enforcement of the law.

The events that transpired at Maxwell's ranch the night of that 14th of July, to this day seem to me strange and mysterious, as "The Kid" was certainly a "killer," was absolutely desperate and had "the drop" first on me and then on Garrett Why did he not use it? Possibly because he thought he was in the house of his friends and had no sucpicion that the officers of the law would ever come to that place searching for him From what we learned afterward, there was some reason for believing that we had been seen leaving the peach orchard by one of his friends, who ran to the house of his friends and had no suspicion night, warning him of our presence; upon which he had run out half dressed to Maxwell's, thinking perhaps that by reason of the standing of the Maxwell

family he would not be sought there. However this may be, it is still, in view of his character and the condition he was in, a mystery

I have been in many close places and through many trying experiences both before and after this occurrence but never in one where I was so forcibly impressed with the idea that a Higher Power controlls and rules the destinies of men. To me it seemed that what occurred in Fort Sumner that night had actually been foreordained.

The foregoing sketch or narrative was written at odd moments, taken from a very busy business life, upon the urgent request and oft-repeated solicitations of friends, and it is the first—and probably the last—attempt of the writer, to record any of the facts related.

This story of the killing of Billy the Kid has been published by Mr. Briminstool in a neat pamphlet and copies can be obtained for 75c postpaid by addressing him at Box 1072 Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

That Red-Headed Man

When the Comanche Indians were settled on their reservation in Texas in 1855, a few white men—just white on the outside—began to drift into the reservation and erect cabins in remote corners. I very distinctly remember four such characters who were on the reservation. The circumstances which impressed their presence most upon me was the fact that frequently some of them would get decidedly drunk and exceedingly boistrous. One of these characters was red-headed and decidedly a tough-looking character, and if murder can shine forth from a man's face, it shone from his. In after times these hangers-on favored the Indians and were classed as Indian Men and bitterly hated the other faction known as the White Man. I can not say that these hangers-on were horse thieves but I can truthfully say that I sincerely believe they were. If they were not, they were in mighty bad company. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Tell me who you go with and I'll tell you who you are." I think the proverb was thought out to fit the hangers-on. Go with Indians and you are an Indian with all it means to be one.

In the summer of 1857 a small party of Indians, together with a red-headed white man (white on outside only), surprised a family in the northern part of Erath county, which was then the extreme frontier. The family consisted of a man, his wife and a girl some eight or ten years of age. The Indians killed the man, whereupon, the red-headed man searched the premises for valuables and among other things he searched was a trunk in which he found a small sum of money. Note the fact of the searching of the trunk. After searching the premises, the red-headed man and his friends left the horrible scene and took the little girl with them some ten or more miles and then released her. Carrying the child off, no doubt, was to delay the giving of the alarm. The murders no doubt calculated that the woman would not leave her dead husband and if they carried off the child there would be no one to give the alarm until they had a good start on any pursuers. After the girl was released she found some houses and related what had happened. On the next morning a few men got together and followed the trail some ten or fifteen miles, when the Indians purposely scattered in order to make trailing slow and difficult. The trail was entirely lost, but in scattering around to find it unfortunately the men found it again, as they thought, but this trail proved to be that of a lot of hunters returning home. Of course, before the mistake was discovered, the red-headed man and his Indian friends and associates in murder were safe on the Comanche reservation, where they had all necessary protection by the troops at Camp Cooper, and Fort Belknap, too, if need be, as subsequent frontier events clearly demonstrated.

It could not have been but little more than sixty-five miles from the place of the above murder to the Comanche reservation and an Indian could ride that distance in an incredibly short time. What a pity the men in pursuit lost the trail of those red-handed murderers! What a pity that red-headed man was not followed to his den and carried back to where he, in cold blood, had murder his brother for the pitiful sum of a few dollars, and there identified by the surviving wife of the murdered man and the little girl, and then and there have had measured out to him that which he so justly deserved and thereby have saved the life of several other persons whom this red-headed man was instrumental in murdering!

In the early days the people of Jack county suffered greatly at the hands of blanketed horsethieves, and bloodthirsty savages. Some of the most revolting murders ever committed in Texas were committed in that county. Witness the massacre at the home of Calvin Gage, and the massacre of the McKinney family where the entire family, consisting of husband, wife and three children were ruthlessly slain, thus exterminating the entire family. Witness, also, the massacre of the Mason and Cameron families.

The Masons and Camerons settled in Jack county in 1858. Their cabins were about a half a mile apart and were not built close together for the purpose of mutual defense, as has been said by the writers of romance, because, at the distance of half a mile apart, they could be of no service to each other, as was clearly demonstrated when they were attacked. They fell the easy victims of the first band of murdering Indians which attacked them. The Camerons lost the father, mother, and a lad about fifteen years of age. Three small children were not killed, a little boy and girl and a baby. The Mason family, consisting of father, mother and baby, were completely wiped out, and however well prepared they may have been to defend themselves on former occasions, certain it is that on the fatal day when attacked they were entirely unprepared. What a pity! They might have killed that red-headed man if they had been prepared!

The Masons annihilated and three out of the Camerons killed and not an Indian so much as bruised, so far as we know, is a very bad report and shows the folly of unpreparedness. It was known that Mason had quite a sum of money in his home. After the Masons were killed a red-headed man searched a trunk, and if there was any money in it, he got it. After which he and his parners in crime left, taking with them two of the Camerson children, a little girl of six and a little boy of eight. This murder and carrying into captivity took place in the early spring of 1859.

A man by the name of Collins had a cow ranch on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, near where the town of Fort Griffin now is. When he located there I do not know. I know that in 1858 he had a contract to furnish beef to the Comanche Indians, for, my father sold him steers for that purpose. Collins had a wife but no children. In the early spring of 1859, Mrs. Collins went on a visit to her parents in Williamson county. During the absence of Mrs. Collins, Collins hired a young man to live with him. This is now the summer of 1859. At this particular time there was a company or, at any rate, a detachment of state troops stationed at or near Fort Belknap for frontier protection. This particular command did not seem to have any very great hankering after Indians, but a very pronounced longing for the blood of the White Man faction I have heretofore mentioned. Collins was very decidedly anti-Indian, for he had every reason for believing that the Comanche reservation was little better than headquarters for horse thieves and murderers. Collins owned a nice bunch of hogs. These hogs mysteriously disappeared and very naturally and properly Mr. Collins went in search of them and scouted several days without finding them. Finally he decided to go to a certain man's house to make inquiry about the hogs. When he arrived at the place there was no one at home. Hearing some hogs making a noise not far off he rode to where they were and there he found his hogs in a pen. He tore the pen down and drove them home and sent the man word about tearing the pen down and driving the hogs home. Right then and there Collins drove a nail in his own coffin. Not many days after the hog incident the man who had the hogs penned, and with relatives of

his and "that red-headed man" sneaked over near Collin's house and secreted themselves near where he got water for use at his house. Collins did not go for water but sent his hired man. When the hired man reached his destination he found himself in the presence and power of four heavily-armed men, each of whom was as savage as any hyena and as merciless as any tiger, and they held him by force. The hired man not returning within a reasonable time, collins mounted his horse and went to search for him. When he got within range of the murderer's guns they made some threatening gesture which enable him to see who they were. Of course he knew what they were after from what they had done and at once turned his horse as if to return to the house, when he was shot in the back and instantly killed.

It was known that Collins always had a considerable sum of money in his house and immediately after he had been murdered the four murderers went to his house and the redheaded man broke open his trunk and took and carried away what valuables there were in it.

That was a bad day's work for those four men; a poor heritage indeed, to leave to mankind. How often have all the people of Texas been misjudged and condemned by the conduct of such characters as I have described above. The people of Texas have always been a good average, and I think our frontier people of the early days were very decidedly above an average. Collins was killed after the fight at the lower reservation, which I have heretofore described, by men who favored the Indians and at a time when the lives of these men was raised to its highest pitch by the handwriting on the wall which needed no interpreter: "The Indians must leave Texas."

Not long after Collins was killed, the quartet which killed him clandestinally visited our ranch and in a very cowardly and brutal manner, with their guns bearing upon him, abused J. V. Howell, our boss man, who was an honest man and consequently a law abiding citizen, which is much more than could be said for the men who, with their guns leveled at him were abusing him.

Collins knew two of his murderers perfectly well. The other two were completely unknown to him and he completely unknown to them and that is why the murder was so cold-blooded and inexcusable. One of them was the man who had penned his hogs. The other one the red-headed hanger-on at the Comanche agency. The other two, who were unknown to him, belonged to the State troops, who were paid by the state to give protection to the frontier people but who, instead thereof, were engaged in terrorizing the lawabiding citizens.

During the war between the states the last named two were killed, Thank God! without intending to be in the least irreverent. The third one (of hog-pen fame) lived for many years after the war, so I have been told. I hope he lived long enough to be old enough to know. that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." I have left now only the red-headed hanger-on.

At the last meeting of the Old Trail Drivers at San Antonio in November, 1924, in talking to my old time friend, Capt. J. B.Gillett of Marfa, about "that red headed man," he told me that upon one occasion, in conversation with some rangers, they told him that in an Indian fight in the Lost Valley country in Jack county, in the early seventies they killed a red-headed man who was with the Indians and was fighting with them against the rangers. This may have been the red headed man I have been writing about. I hope it was, if so, we have the murderers of Collins disposed of.

In speaking of our frontier people I have always sung their praise, spoken of them in the highest terms of respect. In doing that I did not have in mind, not even remotely, hangers-on at Indian reservations nor assassins who had drifted into the country and drifted out. I was for thinking of that class of people any more than I was of the Comanche, but I did have in mind that bold peasantry, which dwelt in the midst of dangers and hardships which cannot be uttered. I had in mind that people who for years dwelt in the shadow of tragedy and who were faithful to every trust, and of whom it may truthfully be said that no people who were ever upon the earth were more faithful, endured greater hardships, or accomplished more. They were as dependable and faithful as the Old Guard of Napoleon and yet,how often have they been judged by such characters as I have described above. In think-

in' of our frontier people and writing of them I had only in mind the same people Goldsmith had when he wrote the

I'll fares the land, to hastening ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulation and men
decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or fade,
A breath can leave them as a breath has
made;
But a bold peasantry, its country's pride
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A Frontier Home

By T. U. Taylor, University of Texas.

The home herein described was located in the forks of the Bear Creeks, Parker county, Texas, about three miles west of the Tarrant county line. It was on the real frontier, on the borders of the Indian country; and during the time described herein Parker County was the "hot bed" of Indian raids and Indian attacks. During the light of the moon we always collected our horses and brought them near the house, and every settler was on the alert. The home was crude in comparison with houses of today because the lumber had to be hauled from the piney woods of East Texas. The frontier house consisted generally of a main room, 16x16, with a big fireplace, a front porch the full length of the house, and a shed in the rear, containing kitchen and dining room combined in one room. Often the shed room and porch were absent. Cooking was done on a fire place because cooking stoves had not yet made their appearance on the frontiers of Texas. Bread was baked in an old-fashioned "baker" or oven, which consisted of a cast iron oven about ten inches in diamcter, six inches deep with three legs protruding from the bottom. It had a lid or cover with a rim around the outer edge from one-fourth to one-half inches high. The "baker" was placed on the live coals of fire; and when hot the biscuit were placed therein; the lid was placed on top and coals of fire placed on top of the lid. Did we get good bread? Believe me, Modern Scoffer, and Devotee of Home Economics, Domestic Science and Modern Conveniences, the bread that our mothers made on these old "bakers" classed 100 per cent compared with the inferior product of the most modern and up-to-date equipment. In addition to the "baker", the skillet and frying pan were ever present.

The old boiling pot was the incubator of roasts and "greens," with its by-products of "pot likker." How many of you know what "pot likker" is? "Pot likker" and buttermilk were the standard beverages of every dinner table; and even to this day old settlers will dispute as to thee merits of each. This boiling pot generally hung from an iron bar across the throat of the chimney by a hook and it could be moved from side to side.

The coffee pot was of generous proportions, of the same general outline and size as the camping pot today. It had its handle and its spout; but it was placed on live coals of fire and was liable to take a tumble without warning.

Our beds consisted of four-posters. Often the posts were extended from the floor to the bed, and not above. Springs and mattresses were unknown. A bed tick was filled with straw and placed on rope cords that gridironed from side to side rail and from head rail to foot rail. The straw bed was placed on this rope of gridirons and the luxurious old feather bed on top of this. Underneath this main bed was the ever-present trundle bed that shoved under the main during the day, and was brought forth at night out in the middle of the floor. It was the bed for the children while the grownups occupied the main bed. If company came some of the homefolks had to take quilts and make a pallet on the floor of the kitchen. Many have been the nights that the writer has spent on a pallet. We had the quilts, blankets, "cover lids" and counterpanes. I could tell a "cover lid" and a "counterpane" apart and call each by its right name, but to this day I cannot define either.

Quilts were made at a "quilting bee". When a housewife got ready for a new quilt she gave a "quilting" and invited her neighbors in. Four guide slats

were swung from the ceiling and the lower sheet was placed on and then the cover sheet was placed on top of the filling. On each side of this rectangle ladies sat, each one applying her needle vigorously and with absolute fidelity to the pattern of the design. The writer has long since forgotten many of the patterns.

In the kitchen in addition to the "baker," the skillet, the coffee pot, and the boiling pot, there wass the "piggin" the "noggin," and the old dasher churn. The "piggin" was a small cedar bucket six to eight inches in diameter with one of the staves extended above for the handle. This was the universal milking vessel. The "noggin" was a small sized "piggin" with the handle absent. The buckets were all of the red cedar variety.

The clothes of the frontier were "homespun". This means exactly what it says. The clothes for the men's coats and trousers was woven by the mother and older daughters. There was the old-fashioned loom with its slay, shuttle-cock and pedal. There was also the old spinning wheel and the hand cards. After the mother and daughters had washed the dishes at night, they brought out the old cards and combed the wool into "rolls" about twelve inches long and about three-fourths inch in diameter. These rolls were laid carefully into a box later to be twisted into thread by the old-fashioned spinning wheel. It would require an extra chapter to describe the loom with all its details. It was home-made and all its accessories were made in the neighborhood. The cloth that came from the old loom was tough, durable, and it lasted until the boys outgrew the clothes made from it. The writer has seen a pair of pants descended from one brother to the next in size. "Domestic" formed the shirt material and was used for a variety of purposes.

Wash day came once a week. There were no rubbing boards, or washing machines; and it was a back-breaking process. The rubbing was done with the hands and the only aid they had was an invention of the frontier, the "battling stick" and the "batting" bench. The "batting bench" consisted of a cotton-wood slab four to six feet long and some twelve or eighteen inches wide and three or four inches thick. It was supported on four legs and was about two and one-half feet from the ground. After being thoroughly soaked the clothes were placed on this "battling bench" and the good wife then plied her "battling stick"' which consisted of a long paddle flattened out. The wet clothes were beaten and flayed. The "battling stick" has disappeared from civilization, but the "old timers" remember it distinctly, because there are living many ex-frontiersmen today that had to wield it for their mothers.

The soap was all home made, either "hard" or "soft." The "ash-hopper" was as common on the frontier as the family churn. A cottonwood log, at least twelve inches in diameter, was cut from ten to twelve feet long. A V-shaped trough was cut into the log from end to end. It was placed firmly on blocks in an inclining position with the trough on the upper side. A rectangular framework was constructed about the trough with side and end rails. Boards or planks were placed with their lower ends in the V-shaped trough and the upper ends resting on the side rails, the length of the boards being something like four or five feet. Their ends were closed by other planks. Into this "hopper' ashes from the wood fires were placed until it was filled. Water was then poured over the ashes and allowed to soak and leach through. This formed lye which reached the bottom of the V-shaped trough and flowed out in the lower end into a crock or an earthen vessel. This lye was carefully stored away. In the meantime all the bacon rinds and all forms of hog fat had been collected and carefully preserved. The lye and the fats were the chief ingredients of the soap. In a huge iron pot the lye and grease were placed with an appropriate amount of water, and the boiling process began. After completion the soap remained on top of the water several inches thick. It was then poured into soap buckets and was there kept "soft" or later was laid out on planks and permitted to harden. At a later time concentrated lye could be bought in small pint cans in the stores and the "ash-hopper" disappeared from the frontier life.

Somewhere in the county there was always an old-fashioned tan yard where

raw-hides were tanned by the bark process. It took many months for the process to be completed from the raw-hides to the leather. This bark-tanned leather could be obtained at the tan yard or in the stores. Our shoes were made by the country shoemaker. It was the old peg and awl process. Pegs were used to unite the upper and the sole. Sewed shoes were practically unknown.

Then there came the inevitable demand for shoestrings. The old Tennessee rifle was in every family and every male member over fifteen years old was a good shot. Squirrels were plentiful along the creeks. When killed, their hides were always saved and always tanned and kept for shoestrings. The writer's first recollection of the frontier economy was his introduction into the tanning process for squirrel hide. A hole was dug in the ground about a foot deep. The squirrel hide was spread on the bottom of the hole, and ashes were poured on top of the hair side about two inches deep. The dirt was poured back into the hole and a bucket or two of water poured in. In about a week the hide was exhumed, and the hair then could be scraped off easily. The hide was then thoroughly washed and rinsed in water. It was then stretched for a few hours to dry partially. Then came the rubbing process with the hands or drawing it over a pole or rail. In a few hours it was as soft and pliable as the best buckskin, and much stronger. This offered no difficulty in cutting or in the use of the string. Sometimes unsalted butter was used in the process of softening and drying the hide.

There was no such thing as a refrigerator on the frontier. Ice on the frontiers of Texas occurred occasionally during the cold winter but no one thought of an ice house or of trying to store it. If they had thought of it it would have been impossible because the ice was so thin that it could not be preserved. The absence of ice and refrigerators made it necessary for the housewife to keep her milk and butter cool by the use of the spring house. These spring houses were located, as the name implies, in the run-off from the spring, the source of the domestic water supply for the family. A long box was made 18 to 24 inches wide, something like 12 or 18 inches deep, and four to six feet long. This box was placed in the accession of th stream so that the cool water from the spring would run through the box. Holes were bored in the spring-end of the box through which the cool water could enter and the run-off was through the down-stream end. The milk and butter were placed in the box in crocks and the holes were so located that the level of the water was kept at such a stage that the crocks would not be overflowed. If there was a bluff near the house from which water dripped, it was found that this made an ideal spring-house, because the water could be so controlled that it would drip or drain through the box. The box had a stong top that was tied down except at the time that milk or butter was to be placed in or taken out.

Every frontier home had its smoke-house, which was not only a smokehouse but also constituted a store room for the cushaws, pumpkins, etc. There was no ice on the frontier of Texas until railroads came. The railroads brought ice and ice cream. The writer distinctly remembers that he was nineteen years old in Fannin county when he saw his first saucer of ice cream.

Schools ran for only a few months during each year. Boys from twelve years and over brought their guns to the schoolhouse and stood them in the corner ready for an attack. It was the ambition of the boy's life at least to arrive at the age where he could bring his gun to the schoolhouse. It was a badge of manhood and evidence of responsibility. Be it said that no boy, in case the schoolhouse was attacked by Indians, ever flinched or acted the coward.

School facilities were meagre and crude. Webster's Blue Backed Speller was the one universal book, and all grades took a spelling lesson once a day. Just before the noon recess or the closing hour in the afternoon the whole school was lined up for a big spelling lesson. The student maintaining the head of the class one week was given a "head mark." At the close of school the person having the greatest number of "head marks" obtained the cherished prize. Ray's Arithmetic was for advanced pupils. We played "town ball", "One-Eyed Cat" and "Two-Eyed Cat." Baseball was unheard of. The dogwood switch was a committee on discipline, and it must be said that it was

used without hesitation. If you laughed in school, if you did not know the lesson. if you did anything that the teacher did not think proper, the dogwood switch sang you a gentle song.

Neighbors lived from one to ten miles away. During the winter months an old-fashioned country dance would be given occasionally. The girls and boys and old folks for ten miles around would come, and it was dance all night until broad daylight, and all went home in the morning. The old people enjoyed it as much as the young ones, and some of the old settlers held the prize for doing the "back step" or the Irish Jigg. There were no round dances. It was all square and the tunes were "Buffalo Gals", "Cotton Eyed Joe". "Arkansas Traveler" "Money Musk" etc. Sometimes the fiddler would sing the words, and I recall a tribute that was paid to a certain dusky swain by the name of Cotton-Eyed Joe:

"If it hadn't been for Cotton-Eyed Joe
I'd 'a been married six or seven years ago."

These are the only lines of this dance-song that I can recall. The "Buffalo Gals" were appealed to to come out tonight in the following melody:

"Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight?
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?"

A fiddler generally called the figures:
Honor your partner; ladies on the left.
Join hands and circle to the left;
Break and promenade home.
Side couples forward and back;
Forward and cross over;
Ladies change;
Half promenade.

There were few country doctors. The nearest doctor to our home was twenty miles away, and in case of necessity a rider was placed on a fleet horse and dispatched through rain and sleet to the doctor. Often this was an all-night ride. In one case the rider started to the doctor twenty miles away on a very fleet pony. He arrived at the doctor's home the next morning at daylight. The doctors themselves did not consult their own comfort, but were always ready to start at any time of the day, even when they had just returned from another long trip. The doctors had to keep three or four good saddle horses ready at a moment's call to saddle up and ride even thirty miles. They were paid in horses, cattle, milk cows, etc. In one case the writer overheard a lady at an annual barbecue boasting that her doctor bi'l during the previous winter was seven horses. By force of necessity the mothers became trained nurses and somewhat skilled in treating the ordinary diseases incident to country life. One mother in our neighborhood was a dead shot on croup and chills. Many have been the nights that she has left her home and ridden to a neighbor's house even five miles away to cure a child of croup. The method of treatment was very simple, but few had the courage to go through with it. A towel was soaked in ice cold water and then wrapped around the neck of the sick child. This was kept wet and cold. Over the wet towel was placed some extra wrap to hold in the moisture. The treating might not have been strictly scientific, but it was certainly effective. The chills and fever were cured by the old-fashioned "pack". The day after the chill the patient was placed on a feather bed with a blanket over him. A tea kettle of hot water was brought and poured over his whole body until he was soaked. Then four or five quilts or blankets were placed over him and there he was left for two hours steaming under the cover and the perspiration dripping from his brow. It was a severe ordeal, but I have seen the sheets at the end of the "sweat box" perfectly green with bile. It left the patient weak, but it was the most effective remedy in the crude West. The big-mouthed bottle of quinine and the bottle of "blue mass" were on the mantle piece ready for use. There was no necessity of sending for a neighbor to help. They came and helped without an invitation. The writer remembers one morning a neighbor came to a home two miles away, walked in, hung up her bonnet and said to another neighbor who had sat up all night: "Mary, you go home. I have cooked enough for Jack

and the children to last through tomorrow at dinner. I will stay until tomorrow at five o'clock when I will have to go home to attend to family duties." She did not ask "Can I help?" but walked in and took charge. That was the spirit of the frontier.

The old country doctor often found himself called upon to apply readymade psychology. An old doctor told the writer that he had often ridden thirty miles in the dead of the night on an urgent call and upon arriving at the end of his journey, he had found the lady of the house suffering with an overbait of cucumbers. In his young days he frankly told them that there was nothing the matter with them, but this did not satisfy; they thought he did not know his own business and they would promptly call another doctor. After awhile he fixed up a bitter concoction, the frame-work of which was bread. When he found a case of over-indulgence in cucumbers he would look solemn, give them about two dozen bitter bread pills to take and warn them to take one every hour. The pill was especially bitter to make the patients believe that it was heroic medicine. In two days the lady was up bragging on "them pills of the old doctor's"

At first the old doctor was modest about his bills, but at the annual barbecue he overheard two women boating about the size of their bills. The annual barbecue at the county seat was the social function of the year. One lady boasted that her bill the winter before was seven horses. The other retorted, "Why Mary, two years ago my bill was eleven horses!" The doctor overheard the conversation and he made up his mind then and there to give them something to brag about next time. The more he charged the better they were pleased because it gave them a text for a little social distinction at the annual barbecue.

These frontier doctors had to be dentists also. They always took their tooth pullers with them. On one occasion the old doctor pulled a tooth for a patient who was suffering agonies with the toothache. He extracted the tooth, looked at it, found it to be perfectly sound, put it in his pocket and immediately said, "Madam, we must pull another tooth." This time he got the right tooth, but the poor woman always boasted that two of her teeth were aching at the same time.

The school house on Sunday was our church house. There were no paid preachers, and no regular services, but some unselfish minister that owned his own farm or ranch would ride from five to twenty miles to preach on Sunday, and be back at his day labor on Monday morning. There was old Brother Smith, who lived on the North Bear Creek where the Fort Worth-Granbury road crosses, and Old Brother Medearis who lived near the present town of Aledo. Each of these preached without money and without price, at the little log school house, whenever their appointments would permit. They asked no money, but the writer can testify to their fervency and devotion. Once during the summer a big camp meeting would be held at some point where there was a good spring, plenty of shade and wood. The meeting house was a brush arbor made by the neighbors. This brush arbor was of rare architectural design. Green posts about six to eight inches in diameter were cut about twelve feet long, terminating in a fork. These were inserted in the ground about three feet, and were located about ten feet apart in rows. Green poles were placed in these forks and other cross poles laid horizontally until a perfect matwork was constructed. On top of this matwork green brush was laid until a dense shade was formed. This constituted the brush arbor. In the earlier days the seats were constructed out of split logs; later lumber was obtained, and still later sawdust was spread over the ground. Long before Billy Sunday inaugurated the "sawdust trail" people in the West had been "hitting the dirt trail". In the early days there were no hymn books. The preather would read two lines and the congregation would sing these two lines; then he would read two more and so on. It was an epoch when song books came into the community. The old-fashioned "mourners bench" was a reality and it was no idle tear that was wiped away from the eye The preaching was the "brimstone" variety, and I must say that the preachers lived their religion and were held in great respect by the community. They were devout men, true to their religion and their country. They fought the Indians and the Devil

with equal fervency and bravery. Sometimes a neighbor would give the preacher a riding horse or a young colt. On one occasion one of these frontier preachers was going to the county seat, and about four miles from town he met two young men driving out from town in a buggy. They were under the influence of "John Barleycorn". They stopped and ordered the preacher to dismount and dance in the road. He refused, but told them he would fight either of them fist and skull and dared them to try it with him. They drew straws for the honor of whipping the preacher in a fist fight. The other young man solemnly agreed to be an impartial referee. There were no rounds, it was to be a knock down, and no gouging of eyes. The preacher took off his coat, solemnly hung it on a limb, rolled up his sleeves and the battle was on in the middle of the road. In about ten minutes the youngblood from the county seat was about the worst whipped man that the county seat had ever seen. He was bleeding at the nose and mouth. His face was skinned and he was bruised and beaten all over the upper part of his body. He had encountered a man that worked by day labor during the week for his bread and preached for God on Sundays. The impromptu referee lifted his companion into the buggy, took him to town to a doctor, and had his wounds treated and dressed. Ever afterwards those two young men were the best friends this old fighting preacher had.

Then there was the old country preacher who had raised a few steers to sell. A sharp cattle buyer heard of the few steers owned by the old minister and he drove out sixteen miles one Sunday afternoon with the avowed purpose of staying all night with the preacher. On his way out he conceived the idea of pretending to be a member of the preacher's special church and a leader in the town congregation. The old preacher gave him a hearty supper, warmed up to him, discussed church matters until ten o'clock and finally he got up, reached on a shelf, pulled down the family Bible, laid it on the table and turning to the visitor said:

"My brother, you will conduct family prayers." The cattle buyer had lied about his church affiliation, even about his membership, and this got him good and cold. He made an excuse about seeing his horse first. He took the old preacher out to the corral with him and acknowledged to him that he had lied, and that he was not a member of the church. The old preacher took him back into the house, held family prayers himself and prayed for all liars from the foundation of the world up to date. The next morning he made the cattle buyer pay five dollars more per steer than the market price; and the old preacher never told the story. Later, the cattle buyer told the story on himself. These western preachers were of the Samuel Doak variety, who preached on Sunday and Sunday night, worked six days in the week, and fought the battles of the Lord seven days in the week.

In the majority of cases the barbering was "home spun" and "home made". More men wore full beards than in the present day, and those who shaved had to perform that operation themselves. The men of each family attended to their own beards. The haircutting was a more refined art, and in each neighborhood some man developed the skill of an expert haircutter. Some of these were as expert as the best of barbers. Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings these men were busy, never charged a cent and never refused to aid a neighbor boy in getting rid of his locks. There was no such thing as bobbed hair among the women, and they needed no suggestions from the men and no aid of a barber to help out Dame Nature.

On rare occasions some boy would go to the county seat on business and get a haircut. The next Sunday morning he was the center of attraction at church and the neighboring farmer who did the haircutting was the first to inspect the town product.

On my way to church one Sunday morning, as I rode out of the lane into the big road, a neighbor boy nineteen years old came along on horseback on his way to church. He was sitting stiff and rigid on his horse and in a few moments he informed me that he had been to the county seat the day before and had his hair cut by a regular barber. He was very proud of his haircut, and he pulled off his hat to show me his well-parted hair. He informed me that he slept on the back of his head all night so as not to rumple his hair. I knew at the time that he was dead in love with a young

lady who attended church, and I can imagine how he expected to impress her with that new hair cut. As we were riding along, he informed me that the barber wanted to do more than cut his hair, and I asked him what more could be done. He told me that the barber wanted to "carpoon" it, but he wouldn't let him.

The Indians were a perpetual menace to our homes. I remember from the age of four, my father was on the frontier fighting Indians while my older half-brother was with Southern soldiers, fighting in the Mississippi Valley. Hardly a month passed that we did not hear of an Indian raid in the Western part of Parker county along the Grindstone Creek or the Brazos River or on the headwaters of the Clear Fork. Our neighbors, the Heffingtons, furnished sons for the frontier defense We were always on guard, guns were always loaded, always ready for use, and, surprising to say, a boy ten or twelve years old would fight like a trained veteran. There was the case of a fourteen-year-old girl southwest of Parker county who, by sheer nerve, with an unloaded gun-barrel, stood off a crowd of Comanche Indians and saved her younger sisters. The pride of having been in an Indian fight was unequaled by any achievement of a frontiersman. Many are the times that I have gone to a neighbor's house to gaze upon the Indian trophies that their sons had brought home from the frontier. I never saw an Indian scalped, but I have seen many of the scalps brought back. It was the desire of the Indians to capture children between the ages of four and ten, because out of these they could make good Indians. The girls became wives of chiefs, and the boys always developed into fierce fighters.

In the frontier days there was no such thing as flour in commercial barrels. It came in sacks, and there was none imported until railroads came. In fact, flour went out from the frontier of my day, rather than came in. Every fall or late summer there was a practice for practically all farmers to have a load of wheat ground into flour, pack this flour into sacks, and haul it to the eepot. This "depot" was the terminus of the Houston and Texas Central Railway, as it slowly crawled from Hempstead to Dallas. The mills themselves were of three types. Every water-power site was taken advantage of, and small dams were erected to use the fall of the stream. I recall to this time four of such water-power mills in Parker county on the Clear Fork of the Trinity. As a mere kid, I hauled wheat to each and every one of them. They ground both flour and corn, but Parker county was a good wheat country, and there was plenty of flour bread. In addition to the water power mill there was ox-power mill and the steam mill, very few of the latter existing in the West on account of the cost of the engine. The water-power mills practically all used wooden overshot wheels made and constructed on the site. The ox-mill was an invention of the West. Imagine a wheel something like thirty feet in diameter with an axle of thirty feet in length, two feet in diameter, with the lower end rounded and working in a ball and socket foundation joint. This main axle was fixed in the upper end into secure frame work or collars and was inclined to the vertical. The wheel was so located on the axle that its lower edge would be some three feet from the ground. On the lower edge of the outer rim wooden cogs were inserted, and these cogs connected with the end of a horizontal axle or shaft. There was a roadway on the upper surface of the wheel some six to eight feet wide. When all was ready to grind, steers, cows or other young stock was driven through a gate onto the lower part of the wheel and on to the lower quarter of the track. The gate was closed behind and in front of them, and a brake was released, and the very weight of these cattle on the inclined plane supplied the motor power. It did not take them long to learn that all they had to do was walk slowly, but regularly.

The horizontal shaft connected with a pulley or second cog wheel to which the grinding mill was attached. The water-mill and the ox-mill were slow in their processs, but the flour and the meal had one superior quality in that it was not overheated in the grinding process.

Many are the times that the writer as a boy had to take a "turn" to the mill three miles away. A bushel and a half of corn was shelled and placed in a two bushel sack, thrown across the old gray mare and the writer perched on top

of the sack wended his way to the mill and returned some time during the day with the meal. Earlier, at the very close of the Civil War, he remembers that his older half-brother had to do the milling. There were two calves about six months old, and these were trained to work around the yard until they became thoroughly broken to the yoke. A small two-wheeled cart was constructed and one day the older half-brother essayed to take a "turn" to the mill three miles away with his two calves "Tom" and "Danger" He started early in the morning and returned long before night. The trip was so successful that Tom and Danger constituted the mill team until they became old enough to become regular work oxen. The old fat miller got considerable amusement out of this unique team of calves. He would always bring the "turn" out, place it on the hounds of the two-wheeled cart, tie it securely and call to the driver, "Here Sonny, take your calves home for their supper."

Each fall the farmer's wheat was ground into flour, shorts and bran. The bran and "shorts" were used largely for feeding purposes for stock, but I have known some famers who anticipated the later evolution of domestic science by combining all of it into a flour, producing what is known to this day as "Graham Bread."

Buckelew, the Captive

Hunter's Printing House in Bandera has just completed the printing of a very interesting volume of nearly 200 pages, entitled, "Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," of whch Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Dennis of Bandera are the authors. The book deals with the experiences of Rev. F. M. Buckelew, who was captured by the Lipans when he was about fourteen years old, and kept by them for over a year, afterwards making his escape and being restored to his people. Rev. Buckelew, now living at Medina, Texas, is a minister in the Methodist church. He tells a wonderful story of his captivity, of the hardships he endured, of the manners and customs of the tribe, of the early day tragedies, etc., and the book should be placed in the hands of every school boy and girl in Texas. The volume sells for only $1.50, and may be obtained from T. S. Dennis, Bandera, Texas.

Bandera Pioneer Dead

George Hay, an early pioneer of Bandera county, died February 6, at the age of 89 years. Mr. Hay was born in Scotland in 1836 and came to Bandera county with Elder Wight's Mormon colonists in 1854. He is survived by his wife and ten children. For many years Mr. Hay was engaged in the mercantile business in Bandera. He helped to organize Bandera county in 1856, and was a member of a militia company for frontier protection.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillet's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for $3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

The Faithful Dog on the Frontier

I. D. Ferguson, in Dallas News, 1912.

The place is the old Fort Belknap, a Government post built and occupied by the United States troops in the days long gone by It was then a wilderness in the far West; its principal inhabitants were buffaloes, Indians, wolves and prairie dogs. Come and take a walk out to that high bluff that overlooks the valley of the Brazos, and I will point out to you the country and tell why I think every man should love and respect his dog.

Do you see that bright strip of water winding its way through the yellow sand? That is the river. If it could talk, it could tell you many weird stories of things that occurred a long time ago. If you could listen to its stories of what occurred along its banks, you would think you were in dreamland waking among ghostly specters and phantoms of the past; you would hear the hoarse grunt of the buffalo, the howl of wolves; you would hear the screams of frightened women and children and the war whoop of the Indian, and the ting of the bow string, and shriek of death, and then a sudden hush.

Look across the river to the northwest, away offff yonder. Do you see that gray streak of timber about twelve miles away coming from the west toward the river? Well that is Elm Creek; once a small settle ment of white people lived along the south banks of the stream. They had erected their houses into a small town, shaped like a shoe string when stretched out; the houses were built about forty or fifty yards apart for about one half mile along the creek bank.

At the lower end of the town lived a man named George Bragg. His house was the last house in the little village. About two miles this side of Bragg's in the river valley on the prairie was a house where an old lady by the name of Fitzpatrick and her widowed daughter with three children, two boys and a beautiful little girl about eight years old, all lived; they had a brindled ring-necked bull-dog, whose name I did not learn.

Now, let us go back to the village long enough to say that in it lived a man named Dock Wilson, whose name, as also should that of the dog, should go down in history for noble deeds performed.

They were dangerous times then. It was in 1864, when the boom of the canon was heard at Petersburg, and the boys in Gray were dying in the last ditch to try to save the Confederacy. The Indians were coming down from the north under their chief Black Eagle, a thousand strong, to sweep the settlements along the Brazos River.

The writer was then a member of Rowland's company in J. B. Barry's regiment. We had been ordered from Harrisburg to Belknap for the purpose of meeting the invasion to protect the inhabitants. White's company of Bowland's regiment had also been ordered there for the same purpose and had arrived on the scene in time to check the advance of the invasion had they been strong enough.

Our command under Buck Barry had just reached Weatherford on the very day the Indians captured Fort Murphy. We advanced towards the little town and came in conflict with White's company on Boggy Creek, three miles north of Elm Creek, completely defeating his company killing five of his men and driving him across the river.

Two citizens, Perry Harmon, son and his father, were attacked by them, but fled to the brush and then stood the Indians off killing three of them. They then went on in the direction of the little town of Elm.

Dock Wilson being out from his home on the creek discovered the approach of the Indians. He ran with all his might to the little town, giving the alarm, and ran down the creek from house to house. The citizens with their women and children fled to the brush and hid. Just as Wilson ran into the yard at George Bragg's to give him the alarm the Indians were right behind him and shot him dead in front of Bragg's door.

Bragg hearing the noise stepped to the door and was also shot by the Indians, but was not killed. With the help of two cow-boys at his house they barricaded the door and like trapped rats fought the Indians to a finish, inflicting upon

them a bloody loss, driving them away from the house.

The Indians after pillaging the houses in the town moved on in the direction of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's leaving the little town, tenantless and alone, except the house of George Bragg's, which stood in grim defiance. Bragg, with bleeding wounds, and the two cow boys with faces black with powder were ready to renew the bloody conflict to save their lives and the lives of the women and children who crouched beneath the bed. The inhabitants of the town had been saved; they were hid away in the brush like frightened quails, and Dock Wilson the man who saved them was lying dead in Bragg's yard.

The Indians went from the little town direct to Mrs Fitzpatrick's. The only defence she had was the old brindled dog, the dog that loved his mistress and the children; the dog that had stood at bay the wolves and wild animals that came to prey upon the poultry; and through the long hours of the night had kept watch, and with deep mouthed bark and hoarse growl had kept away those who designed to intrude upon those who loved and fed him.

This poor old dog confronted from 800 to 1,000 Indians and died in his effort to save them.

Buck Barry's Rangers to which I belonged reached Fort Belknap the day after the disaster; the Indians had fled from the country and were gone. Our company under the command of Sergeant Pollard and Sergeant Christal was ordered to the relief of Bragg's family and to get the dead.

About seventy-five men constituted the company.

The first place we reached was Mrs. Fitzpatrick's. Here the little house stood alone on the prairie. As we reach the house we found the dog lying outside the house, his forefeet strongly braced against the ground his head turned toward us with gleaming eyes and grinding teeth, with bristles up as if snapping at Indians. He looked as if alive; but he was dead, with fifteen arrows sticking in his body: he was stiff, with the rigidity of death.

In the back yard lay the body of the lady and two little boys; they had been killed and scalped, and their clothes stripped from them. The old lady and the little girl had been taken into captivity and carried off.

We dug a wide grave out in the garden in which we placed the mother and the two little boys, one on each side of her. As we got ready to cover them, Sergeant Christal said: "Boys that poor old dog died for the lady and her children, the Indians never entered that house until he was dead; we ought to bury him with his mistress and children."

Every man with one accord agreed. We pulled the arrows out of his body and gently laid him in the vault at the feet of those for whom he died.

To this noble dog should be erected a monument inscribed upon it his noble deeds; and the words of Byron:

But the poor dog, in life the finest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

This is why I say that every man should love and respect his dog.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

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W. E. Cureton Dead.

We regret to learn of the death of William E. Cureton, which occurred at Austin, Texas, February 11. Mr. Cureton was the father of Chief Justice C. M. Cureton of the Supreme Court, and was the son of Capt. Jack Cureton, an early pioneer of this state. Mr. Cureton's home was at Meridian, Texas, but he generally spent the winters with Judge Cureton in Austin. He was 76 years old.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Te xas," By J. C. Duval.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

One day an officer who was passing, asked me some questions in Spanish, and when I answered him in Spanish, he took a seat by me and talked with me for some time. He asked me a great many questions about the Unitd States, our form of government, the number of our regular army, what State I came from and what induced me to come to Texas, etc., to all of which I frankly answered. He expressed much astonishment at the correctness of my pronunciation, and asked where I had learned to speak Spanish, saying he was sure I had not learned the language among the Mexicans. I told him that I had studied Spanish under a teacher of modern languages at a Catholic institution in Kentucky. He then asked if I was a Catholic myself, and when I told him I was not, he seemed dissapointed, and tried in various ways to get some sort of admission from me that I had more faith in the Catholic religion than any other.

The talk I had with this officer made but little impression upon me at the time, but I have since thought on account of my youth, or because I had in some way gained his favor, he was desirious of an excuse or pretext to save me from the fate he probably knew was in store for us. I know that several of our men were saved from the massacre, for no other reason that I am aware of, than that they professed to be members of the Catholic church. Several times afterward the officer above mentioned came to talk with me, and he insisted that I was a Catholic if I would but own it; but I strenuously denied "the soft impeachment" to the last. If I had suspected his object in getting me to admit that I was a Catholic, it is probable I might have sought temporal as well as eternal safety in the bosom of the church. It would have been very easy for me to have passed for a good Catholic," for Catholicism (at least among the lower class of Mexicans) consists mainly in knowing how to make the sign of the cross, together with unbounded reverence first, for the Virgin Mary, and secondly, for the saints generally—and the priests. But I did not suspect the object this officer had in view when he tried to make a convert of me to the true faith, and I am afraid I have lost the only chance I shall ever have of becoming a "good Catholic."

On the morning of the 27th of March, a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on "parole," and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans on board of vessels then at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful news to us, and we lost no time in making preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready we were formed into three divisions and marched out under a strong guard. As we passed by some Mexican women who were standing near the main entrance to the fort, I heard them say "pobrecitos" (poor fellows), but the incident at the time made little impression on my mind.

One of our divisions was taken down the road leading to the lower ford of the river, one upon the road to San Patricio, and the division to which my company was attached, along the road leading to San Antonio. A strong guard accompanied us, marching in double file on both sides of our column. It occurred to me that this division of our men into three squads, and marching us off in thre directions, was rather a singular maneuver, but still I had no suspicion of the foul play intended us. When about half a mile above town, a halt was made and the guard on the side next the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this maneuver been executed, when I heard a heavy firing of musketry in the dircetion taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed "Boys! they are going to shoot us!" and at the same instant I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican line. I turned to look, and as I did so, the Mexicans fired upon us, killing probably one hundred out of the one hundred and fifty men in the division. We were in double file and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead,

and in falling he knocked me down. I did not get up for a moment, and when I rose to my feet, I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me, and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing towards the river about five hundred yards distant. I followed on after them, for I knew that escape in any other direction (all open prairie) would be impossible, and I had nearly reached the river before it became necessary to make my way through the Mexican line ahead. As I did so, one of the soldiers charged upon me with his bayonet (his gun I suppose being empty). As he drew his musket back to make a lunge at me, one of our men coming from another direction, ran between us, and the bayonet was driven through his body. The blow was given with such force, that in falling, the man probably wrenched or twisted the bayonet in such a way as to prevent the Mexican from withdrawing it immediately I saw him put his foot upon the man, and make an ineffectual attempt to extricate the bayonet from his body, but one look satisfied me, as I was somewhat in a hurry just then, and I hastened to the bank of the river and plunged in. The river at the point was deep and swift, but not wide, and being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, untouched by any of the bullets that were pattering in the water around my head. But here I met with an unexpected difficulty. The bank on that side was so steep I found it was impossible to climb it, and I continued to swim down the river until I came to where a grape vine hung from the bough of a leaning tree nearly to the surface of the water. This I caught hold of and was climbing up it hand over hand, sailor fashion, when a Mexican on the opposite bank fired at me with his escopeta, and with so true an aim, that he cut the vine just above my head, and down I came into the water again. I then swam on about a hundred yards further, when I came to a place where the bank was not quite so steep, and with some difficulty I managed to clamber up.

The river on the north side was bordered by timber several hundred yards in width, through which I quickly passed and was just able to leave it and strike out into the open prairie, when I discovered a party of lancers nearly in front of me, sitting on their horses, and evidently stationed there to intercept any one who should attempt to escape in that direction. I halted at once under cover of the timber, through which I could see the lancers in the open prairie, but which hid me entirely from their view.

Whilst I was thus waiting and undecided as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances, I saw a young man by the name of Holliday, one of my own messmates, passing through the timber above me in a course that would have taken him out at the point directly opposite to which the lancers were stationed. I called to him as loud as I dared and fortunately, being on the "qui vive," he heard me, and stopped far enough within the timber to prevent the lancers from discovering him. I then pulled off a fur cap I had on, and beckoned to him with it. This finally drew his attention to me, and soon as he saw me he came to where I was standing, from whence, without being visible to them, the lancers could be plainly seen.

A few moments afterwards we were joined by a young man by the name of Brown, from Georgia, who had just swam the river, and had accidently sumbled on the place where Holliday and I were holding a "council of war" as to what was the best course to pursue. Holliday, though a brave man, was very much excited, and had lost to some extent his presence of mind, for he proposed we should leave the timber at once and take the chances of evading the lancers we saw on the prairie. I reasoned with him on the folly of such a proceeding, and told him it would be impossible for us to escape in the open prairie from a dozen men on horseback. "But," said Holliday, "the Mexicans are crossing the river behind us, and they will soon be here." "That may be," I replied,' "but they are not here yet, and in the meantime something may turn up to favor our escape." Brown took the same view of the case as I did, andHolliday's wild proposition to banter a dozen mounted men for a race on the open prairie was "laid upon the table."

Whilst we were debating this (to us) momentous question, some four or five of our men passed out of the timber before we saw them, into the open prairie, and

when they discovered the lancers it was too late. The lancers charged upon them at once, speared them to death, and then dismounting robbed them of such things as they had upon their persons. From where we stood the whole proceeding was plainly visible to us, and as may be imagine, it was not calculated to encourage any hopes we might have had of making our escape. However, after the lancers had plundered the men they had robbed, they remounted, and in a few moments set off in a rapid gallop down the river to where it is probable they had discovered other fugitives coming out of the timber. We at once seized the opportunity thus afforded us to leave the strip of timber which we knew could give us shelter but for a few moments longer, and started out, taking advantage of a shallow ravine which partially hid us from view. We had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the timber, when we saw the lancers gallop back and take up their position at the same place they had previously occupied. Strange to say, however, they never observed us, although we were in plain view of them for more than a quarter of a mile, without a single brush or tree to screen us.

We traveled about five or six miles and stopped in a thick grove to rest ourselves, where we stayed until night. All day long we heard at intervals irregular discharges of musketry in the distance, indicating, as we supposed, where fugitives from the massacre were overtaken and shot by the pursuing parties of Mexicans.

As the undergrowth was pretty dense in the grove where we had stopped, we concluded the chances of being picked up by one of these pursuing parties would be greater if we traveled on than if we remained where we were, and we determined to "lie by" until night. In talking the matter over and reflecting upon the many narrow risks we had run in making our escape, we came to the conclusion that in all probability we were the only survivors of the hundreds who had that morning been led out to slaughter; although in fact as we subsequently learned, twenty-five or thirty of our men eventually reached the settlements on the Brazos. Drs. Shackleford and Barnard, our surgeons, were saved from the massacre to attend upon Mexicans wounded in the fight on the Coletto, and when their forces retreated from Goliad after the battle of San Jacinto these were taken to San Antonio, where they were ultimately liberated. Our own wounded men, or rather those of them that survived up to the time of the massacre, were carried out into the open square of the fort, and there cruelly butchered by the guard. Capt. Miller and his men were saved, because, as I was subsequently informed, they had been captured soon after they landed from the vessel, without any arms, and of course without making any resistance.

Col. Fannin, who was confined to his quarters by a wound he had received at the fight on the Coletto, soon after the massacre of his men, was notified to prepare for immediate execution. He merely observed that he was ready then, as he had no desire to live after the cold-blooded, cowardly murder of his men. He was thereupon taken out to the square by the guard, where he was seated on a bench, and his eyes blindfolded. A moment before the order to "fire" was given, I was told (though I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement) he drew a fine gold watch from his pocket, and handing it to the officer in command of the guard, requested him to shoot him in the breast and not in the head. The officer took the watch and immediately ordered the guard to fire at his head. Col. Fannin fell dead and his body was thrown into one of the ravines near the fort. Thus died as brave a son of Georgia as ever came from that noble old State.

The escape of Wm. Hunter was most wonderful. At the first fire he fell pierced by a musket ball. A Mexican soldier thinking he was not dead, cut his throat with a butcher knife, but not deep enough to sever the jugular vein, stabbed him with his bayonet, and then beat him over the head with the breech of his musket, until he was satisfied his bloody work was accomplished. He then stripped him of his clothing and left him for dead upon the ground where he had fallen. Hunter laid there in a perfectly unconscious state until dark, but after night came on, the cool air and dew revived him, and by degrees he regained his senses. For a time all that had occurred since morning appeared like a troubled dream to him, but gradu-

ally the reality of the events that had taken place forced itself upon his mind, and he cautiously raised his head to reconnoitre. All was still around, and not a moving, living creature was visible, nothing but the pallid upturned faces of his murdered comrades dimly seen in the waning light of day. He found himself extremely weak from loss of blood, and his limbs were sore and stiffened; but he was suffering intensely from thirst, and he resolved, if possible, to drag himself to the river. With much pain and difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the water, and after quenching his thirst, he bound up his wounds as well as he could with strips of cloth torn from his shirt.

Before daylight he had recovered his strength so far that he was able to swim the river, and took his way to a Mexican ranch on the Manahuila creek, with the people of which he had had some previous acquaintance, thinking it was better to trust himself to their tender mercies than to attempt to travel through a wilderness in his wounded and weakened condition.

When near the ranch he met a Mexican woman, who told him he would certainly be killed if he went there. She advised him to secrete himself in a thicket she designated and told him as soon as it was dark she would come out to him and bring him some food and clothing. Hunter had his suspicions that she intended to betray him, yet there was no alternative but to trust her, and he hid himself in the thicket she had pointed out to him, and anxiously awaited her reappearance. True to her promise, a little while after dark, she returned, bringing some provisions and water, together with a suit of Mexican clothes.

For nearly a week this Mexican woman came to his place of concealment every night, fed him and dressed his wounds until he was sufficiently able to travel. She then supplied him with as much provisions as he could carry and also a flint and steel for making fire, and bidding him "adios" she returned to the ranch.

Thus recruited and supplied with clothing and provisions, Hunter took his course through the wilderness, and having a pretty good idea of the "lay of the land," after many narrow escapes he eventually made his way to the Texan army under General Houston.

As soon as it was dark we left our hiding place and set out in a northeasterly direction, as nearly as we could determine, and traveled until daylight, when we stopped an hour or so in a grove to rest. We then proceeded on our course again till near sunset, when we camped in a thick "mot" of timber without water. An unusually cold norther for the season of the year was blowing, and a steady drizzling rain was falling when we stopped. Brown, who had pulled off his coat and shoes before he swam the San Antonio river, suffered severely, and I was apprehensive, should we be exposed all night to such weather without a fire, that he would freeze to death. I had a little tinder box in my pocket containing a flint and steel, but all the tinder there was in it was a small piece not much larger than a pin head.

This I carefully placed on a batch of cotton taken from the lining of my fur cap, and after many unsuccessful egorts I managed at last to ignite it. With this we started a fire, and then the first thing I did was to tear off a portion of my drawers, which I partially burned, thus securing a good supply of tinder for future use. Before going to sleep we collected fuel enough to last until daylight, with which we occasionally replenished the fire so that we passed the night in tolerable comfort.

The next morning Brown, who as I have previously stated, had pulled off his cap, and after many unsuccessful efforts when he swam the river, found himself so sore and crippled he was unable to travel. The prairie we had passed over the day before, had been recently burned off and the sharp points of the stubble had lacerated his naked feet dreadfully. It was evident he could not go on without some sort of covering for his feet. I cut off the legs of my boots, and with a pair of scissors which he happened to have in his pocket, and some twine, I contrived to make a pair of sandals, such as I had seen worn by Mexican soldiers. After thus shoeing him (by way of remuneration, I suppose,) Brown separated the two blades of the scissors and gave me one of them, which was of great service to me, for by whetting it on stones I gave it an edge, and it answered pretty well in place of a knife.

The grove of timber in which we had passed the night, covered perhaps an

acre of ground, and just outside of it there was a strip of sandy soil almost bare of grass. In the morning when we left the grove we observed a good many fresh mocassin tracks which must have been made during the night by a party of Indians, who probably had been drawn to the locality by the light from our fire. Why they did not attack us I cannot imagine, unless it was because they were ignorant of our number and that we were without arms. At any rate, but for their tracks in the sand we would not have known they had been around our camp during the night.

The next morning we set out, as we supposed, in the direction we had traveled the day before, and in about one hour we came to some timber, bordering upon what I thought was one of the branches of the Coletto creek. Here we laid ourselves down on the grass to rest a few moments, and scarcely had we done so when a party of ten Mexican lancers made their appearance, riding along a trail that ran within fifty yards of where we were lying. As luck would have it, just as they came opposite to where we were, they met another soldier and stopped to have a talk with him. For nearly an hour, it seemed to me, but in fact, I suppose, for only a few minutes, they sat on their horses conversing together within a few paces of where we were lying, and without a single bush or tree intervening to hide us from their view, but fortunately they never looked toward us or we would inevitably have been discovered. At length they rode on, and we were very glad when we lost sight of them behind a point of timber.

The weather still continued cloudy and drizzly, and not being able to see the sun we had nothing to guide us, and in consequence were doubtful as to whether or not we were pursuing the right course. However, we traveled on until night, and again encamped in a thick grove of timber. Having eaten nothing since we left Goliad, and only a small piece of beef for two days previously, we had begun to suffer severely from the pangs of hunger. Game we had everywhere seen in greatest abundance, but having no guns, the sight of herds of deer and flocks of wild turkeys, suggestive as they were to our minds of juicy steaks and roasts, only served to aggravate the cravings of our appetite. It was at a season of the year, too, when no berries or wild fruits were to be found, and the pecans and other nuts had fallen and had been destroyed by wild hogs, deer and other animals. But in spite of our hunger we slept pretty well on our beds of dry leaves, except that we were occasionally aroused from our slumbers by the howling of wolves, which were sometimes so impudent as to approach within a few paces of the fire about which we were lying.

In the morning the weather was still cloudy and cold, and we set out again upon our travels. Holliday being by several years the oldest of our party, had heretofore taken the lead to which Brown and I had made no opposition, but after an hour or so I was convinced he was leading us in the wrong direction, and in this opinion I was confirmed when in a little while we came to a creek I was pretty sure was Manahuila, the same we had crossed the day after leaving Goliad. I told Holliday I was confident he was taking the back track, but he thought not, and so we kept on until toward evening, when we came to several groves of live oak timber which I remembered having seen when hunting in the vicinity of Goliad. Holliday, however, had but little faith in my recollections of the locality, and proposed to Brown and myself that we should wait in one of these groves until he reconnoitered the country ahead, and we consented to do so.

In about an hour he returned and told us that he had been in sight of Goliad, and that he had distinctly heard the beating of drums and the bugle calls of cavalry in the town. We felt very much discouraged, as may well be supposed, to find ourselves, after traveling so long, almost at the same point we started from; but it was useless to repine, and we set out again in the right direction, Holliday, as usual, leading the way. after an hour or so I found that Holliday was gradually turning his course toward Goliad again. Time with us was too precious to be wasted. I came to a halt and told Holliday I would follow him no farther. He insisted he was going the right direction, and as I was positive that he was going directly contrary to the course we ought to pursue. He was obstinate, and so was I. Holliday, I knew, had been born and raised in a city, whilst I had lived the greater

part of my life on the frontier, and had been accustomed to the woods since I was old enough to carry a gun. Besides I knew that I possessed to a considerable degree what frontiersmen call "hog-knowledge," by which is meant a kind of instinctive knowledge that enables some people to steer their way through pathless woods and prairies without a compass or any landmarks to guide them. I therefore told Holliday, if he persisted in traveling in the direction he was going, we would certainly have to part company, although I was very loath to do so under the circumstances. Thereupon and without further parley I turned and took the opposite course to the one we had been traveling. Brown, who made no pretensions to being a woodman, followed me, for the reason, I suppose that he had lost confidence in Holliday as a guide, and thought possibly I might do better. Holliday remained standing where we had left him, apparently undetermined what to do, until we had had gone perhaps a hundred yards, when he turned and followed us. As he came up he merely said he would rather go wrong than to part company, and no allusion afterwards was made to the subject,—but from that time on I always took the lead as a matter of course.

Recrossing the Manahuila creek, and night coming on shortly afterwards, we encamped by the side of a pool of water in a thick "island" of timber. By this time we were suffering greatly with hunger, nevertheless I slept soundly through the night, although in my slumbers I was constantly tantalized by dreams of juicy steaks, hot biscuits and butter, etc. which always mysteriously disappeared when I attempted to "grab" them.

(Continued Next Month

The Manuel Flores Fight

Written by Charles Badden

In May 1839, Captain Mike Adams and Lieutenant James C. Rice, with a force consisting of about twenty men, were scouting on Onion Creek, about fifteen miles south of Austin, when they discovered Manuel Flores' trail.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Mexican general, Santa Anna, at San Jacinto nearly three years before, Mexico still hoped to repossess Texas.

Flores and his party were returning from Mexico, where he had made a conspiracy with the Mexican Government to instigate an Indians uprising at Nacogdoches. It was just before this that Flores, with "Big Foot Wallace" tied a dead man's body, whose head they cut off, to one of Flores' horses and used this as a joke to frighten some of the old pioneers by letting the horse with the headless body strapped on it, wander over the fields and prairies for several weeks. Instead of frightening the people as Flores intended to, this prank gave the writer of the fable "The Headless Horseman" his inspiration. Vicente Cordova, chief of the Indians, was to make an incessant warfare on the whites, lay bare their homes, and their fields, and then drive them out of the country. Cordova was not with Flores on account of a wound he received on his way to Matamoras, and because of poison from it. At the Colorado River, Flores and his party were dismayed to learn that General Burleson was advancing upon them and that an engagement was but a matter of a few hours. Evidently they intended to go east in the direction of Nacogdoches, but decided to go further north through the mountains west of Austin, and then go east to avoid Burleson's forces. They followed Cross Creek (commonly called Sandy Creek) to a point west of Bagdad, now Leander, coming out at what is now known as the Huddlestone place on the road which goes from Leander to Liberty Hill. Then they crossed the San Gabriel, three miles north of what is now Leander. The attacking party was evidently in sight because Flores stopped on the bank of descent. If the attacking party had not been so near Flores and his party, they would have had time to have gone about a mile further upstream and crossed there.

The Ranger forces at this time were increased by six civilians. But the strength of the force which continued the pursuit under command of James C. Rice was only seventeen. They crossed

the San Gabriel River near the celebrated Springs, not far from the residence of Uncle Billy Johnson. Here Flores had eaten his military meal and left four camp lres about a mile beyond. The advance guard reported that the enemy had just passed over the hill. It was not long before the pursuing party saw Flores.

When the Rangers neared the steep bank, Flores with eight or ten men,

Depatment of History,
Taylor High School.

Taylor, Texas, Feb. 3, 1925.

Editor of Frontier Times,
Bandera, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find a short manuscript of the fight and capture of the raider, Manuel Flores. This is written by a student of the History department of Taylor High School, and is authentic in all details that could be verified. This paper is the result of an all day exploration trip conducted by the history classes in the search of local history. I am sending you this account and hope that you will be able to publish it in your next issue. The local history class frequently takes up your excellent magazine for class room studies, and we receive a great deal of interesting information from this source. Thanking you in advance for any trouble that we might cause you, and hoping that you will see fit to publish this account, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(MISS) MARTHA EMMONS

(some authorities say twenty or thirty) charged and fired without effect. The Rangers had just dismounted, and had not hitched their horses, so they were not properly prepared for the fight at the moment, but William Wallace was the first to get into firing position and readiness. He fired and Manuel Flores rolled off his horse, shot through the heart. Two shots put the rest of the party to flight. They abandoned everything they had. The spoils realized were about 150 head of horses and mules; 300 pounds of powder, a small amount of guns, a large amount of lead already moulded into ball and shot, besides all their packed utensils. Among the spoils was a sack containing the correspondance between Cordova and the Mexican officials.

Wilbarger says: "At this late day when we contemplate the destruction of life and property which might have resulted had Flores not been killed, and his valuable correspondance captured, we can not but think that the fight on the San Gabriel River was second in importance to Texas only to the battle of San Jacinto."

Below is a copy of the dispatch sent to Albert Sidney Johnston by Edward Burleson, concerning the Flores fight.

Austin, Texas
To Hon. Albert Sidney Johnson:

May 22nd, 1839. Report of Col. E. Burleson's fight with Mexicans and Indians, May, 1839, on San Gabriel about twenty-five miles from Austin, twenty or thirty Indians and Mexicans.

Lieut. Rice made a deadly attack. Fired and killed their leader, Manuel Flores, and two shots put the rest to flight.

Took about 300 pounds of powder and arms and of lead ready run into balls and shot. One hundred fourteen head of mules, horses and their packing apparatus.

This Lieut. Rice and his 17 gallant men deserve the highest esteem and transit to you all papers considered important but one which his Gen. mislaid. It was a letter from Cordova to Manuel Flores stating that he could not accompany him account of a wound and poison he received on his way to Matamoras. He is behind and I shall keep a good lookout for him. I think I shall pick him up if he attempts to cross below or within thirty miles of the foot of the mountains. Give my respects to the past Col. McFad and accept the highest esteem for yourself.

EDWARD BURLESON

P. S. This skirmish took place on the San Gabriel fork of the Little River, about fifteen miles from the city of Austin.

ED. BURLESON

FRONTIER TIMES

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Compliments Our Humble Efforts

Mr. J. Frank Dobie, Professor of English in the A. & M. College of Oklahoma at Stillwater, takes occasion to pay the editor of Frontier Times a very pretty compliment in a paper entitled "Folk-Lore of the Southwest; What Is Being Done to Preserve It," published in the Chronicles of Oklahoma, published by the Oklahoma State Historical Society, September, 1924. If we had space we would publish Mr. Dobie's excellent article in full, for it is intensely interesting from start to finish, and occupies sixteen pages of that journal. Mr. Dobie says:

"Whatever loss to the record of dialect the changing of fashion of fiction may have entailed, is, however, more than compensated for by the increasing number of chronicles and biographies from the folk themselves. Hundreds of words, metaphors, sayings common to the pioneer stock of the Southwest can be gleaned from such a homely and interesting magazine as Frontier Times, edited and published by Mr. J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera, Texas. The Trail Drivers of Texas, a remarkable compilation, in two volumes, of the lives and experiences of old time trail drivers up the Chisholm Trail, is a veritable mine of linguistic material from the point of view of folklore. Time does not allow of a list of chronicles, downright and of the very soil, that have in them the diction, the genius itself, of frontier Americans. They are the stuff out of which great fiction may someday be woven, even as Emerson Hough wove from The Trail Drivers of Texas the best part of his epic, North of 36. The material of the volumes was collected by Mr. George W. Saunders, an old time cowman of San Antonio, Texas, and the books are published by him for the Old Trail Drivers' Association of Texas, of which he is president, J. Marvin Hunter is editor of them."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Our Clubbing Offers

Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two $4.00. Our price $3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two $3.00. Our price $2.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Dot Babb's book, "In the Bosom of the Comanches," regular price $3.00. Our price $2.50, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the highly interesting book issued by the Texas Folk-Lore Society, "Legends of Texas," regular price $3.50. Our price $3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the two volumes of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," regular price $7.00. Our price $6.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, $2.00. Our price $1.75, postpaid.

An Indian, who once wore the blanket and received government rations, is today guiding the Senate of the United States. He is Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who has taken the place formerly filled by Henry Cabot Lodge.

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for. Inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

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